

The Saturday Rebel

ALBERTA AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Note and Comment

The visit of a really distinguished artist like Melba, assisted as she was by a company, every member of which displayed talent of a very high order, is a public event of first rate importance. Progress is marked by something else than home-stead entries and bank clearings, and the fact that vast audiences have assembled at all the principal Western centres and tendered a most enthusiastic greeting to this great singer, makes us realize at what a rate the frontier is being moved back. Referring to the Edmonton concert, one could not help but be forcibly struck by the keen appreciation which was manifested. It is not hard to tell when a crowd is being bored. Yet there was a clap-trap about the programme. Are we justified in believing that popular taste is improving? There is much to lead one to reply in the affirmative. The opportunities of hearing great musicians themselves come seldom, but through the agency of the gramophone many have come under their spell, and the influence of this wonderful invention in cultivating a love for good music can hardly be overestimated. With the ordinary man or woman, the only way to come to appreciate the best in music is to hear it frequently. German children display talent along these lines beyond our own, because they are reared in a musical atmosphere, and the person who has heard Melba or Calve or Caruso frequently on a good gramophone is bound to enjoy their work or that of others of equal eminence; when they hear the living voice. Those who possess good instruments and good records will testify to the improvement in taste which they themselves have seen effected through them. A month or so with a gramophone in the house and high-class as well as inferior selections being given, produces some startling changes. The man, who at first went outside to smoke a cigar when grand opera was being given and who was all attention when ragtime was struck up, frequently begins after a week or so to talk about the beauties of the former and the worthlessness of the latter.

Melba herself was superb but she little realizes how much her triumph was prepared for her by the wonderful bits of mechanism that have in recent years gone out to slay the lone places of the West. Some one should perform for these humble instruments, by which the link with civilization is so effectually maintained, the service that Kipling did for the banjo. What better lines have been written than these:

By the bitter road the younger son must tread
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,
"Mid the riot of the sheareen at the shed
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—
I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening dress!

If this can be said of the banjo, which after all is limited by the skill of the performer, what cannot be said of the gramophone. It is too modern a production to receive the praises it deserves?

The Melba programme was on the whole very well planned. The selections in English preponderated and were, as always, the most popular of the evening. And why shouldn't they be? Some eastern musicians criticized the inclusion of Toschi's "Good-Bye" among Melba's numbers. But, familiar as it was to everyone, it thrilled the audience as nothing else did. So far as can be discovered the only objection to it is that it is written in English. The practice of discriminating against our own language has lately been the subject of considerable discussion among musicians. One of them makes a contribution in verse to the subject, a stanza of which runs:

I'm giving a recital in another week or two;
I want to settle up my songs, and get the program through.
I'm singing six in German, and another in Chinese;
Italian, one; Norwegian, three; a thing in Portuguese;
Two chansons (French); a Russian dirge; a song in modern Greek;
One Esperanto comic (most refined and very "chic");

A folk-song air in double Dutch completes a first-class lot.

What's that you say? No English? Well, I don't think! Rather not!

For a long while the idea prevailed that English had to be boycotted because it was an unnatural language. It was a pity the audiences had simply to guess what a singer was driving at but that fact could not for a moment be allowed to stand in the way of "art." Fortunately a month or so ago a man who occupies a foremost place in the world of opera and concert, David Bispham, went on record as to the folly of such an idea. In the course of an article in the *Century Magazine* he wrote:

"For singing there is nothing difficult about English; it is as easy as any other language. Are not its vowels the same—its consonants? Are not its words softer than German, and easier to pronounce and more rounded than French? Is it not as noble as Italian? All the arguments against it emanate from those who do not know it, how to pronounce it either in song or speech. What is the objection to understanding what is sung?" asked Harris. "Well, of course there could be none, only fashion had not yet decreed the change."

"Not long ago one of the principal American ladies now singing in opera in New York was asked what her feeling was in regard to the use of the English language on the operatic stage. Her reply was that she thought the ideal would be best preserved by performing every opera in the language in which it was written, which doubtless is true; though ideal conditions are sometimes impossible of accomplishment, and always very expensive. I remarked that a number of works we are accustomed to hearing in Italian were originally written in French texts,—

be dispensed with. There is so much to enjoy, why concern one's self about anything else?"

"But is this attitude as sensible as it should be? The Italians in the gallery want to know what their *idol* on the stage is singing about, and the German declines to go to hear what he cannot understand. Why should not we?"

It is sincerely to be hoped that this plain talk from such a man will have a speedy effect and that the next time we hear Melba, her whole programme will be given in the language of the race of which she is herself so gifted a daughter.

Premier Sifton did exceedingly well to win out in Gleichen. His candidate, Mr. McArthur, in obtaining a majority of about 200, made a much better run than anyone expected under the circumstances. Mr. Riley was a candidate of local strength and resourcefulness and the constituency is in a purely party contest a close one. The fact that he could not win with the Conservative organization behind him as well as the dissatisfied element in the Liberal ranks, shows clearly that the latter is no longer of large proportions and that the premier has in the few months that he has been in office impressed the public as the right kind of a man to follow. Of course his real period of test is still ahead and few are inclined to render any final verdict in regard to him, but the great majority are convinced that he is well worth giving a chance to and that there is every prospect that he will furnish the province with the progressive and the stable government that it requires. The vote in McLeod went against the Liberal candidate, but the majority was small and the issue largely governed by local considerations. As is quite apparent from the reading of the reports of the speeches and of the pamphlets

developed enough to make an appeal to the body of electors worth while and he resolved on establishing for the time being a dictatorship. The Cortes were dissolved. A movement against the government ensued, with the royal assassination in its train, Franco had to fly from the country and the new King restored the old constitutional arrangements, though those whom he took as his advisers attempted to carry out the policy of reform. Those opposed to this have now the upper hand and if they carry the day, there is every likelihood that the last state of Portugal will be much worse than the first. Even the most thorough democrats should, therefore, hesitate about greeting the revolution as a step in advance.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Portugal, while its area is small, has a population almost as large as that of Canada, and that Lisbon, its capital, is about the size of Toronto.

The sentence of death imposed at Barrie, Ont., upon a man and woman responsible for making way with an infant, is without precedent in Canada. If this is the case, it is well that a precedent has at last been established. To the fact that there has been so long a delay in doing so is undoubtedly due the enormous increase in child murders that has taken place. Why should there be one punishment for a person who kills a grown man or woman, who may have some chance of self-protection, and a less severe one for those who end the life of a defenceless child. It is taken for granted in the despatches that these Barrie murderers will have their sentences commuted. The department of justice has been open to a great deal of criticism for its leniency to capital cases in the past and if it takes this course now, it will be assuming a horrible responsibility.

Mr. Eugene Foss, who as the Democratic candidate made so sensational a win last winter of a Massachusetts congressional district that was a Republican stronghold, offers a suggestion which if adopted would help along the cause of reciprocity to a very considerable extent. "I believe," he said, "that it is the duty of the United States to reduce her duties to a level of those of Canada, as a basis upon which to negotiate. This would indicate our good faith and the Canadian Government would be more ready to treat with us under these circumstances."

There is no question that this is the first step that must be taken. Canada has a very reasonable tariff as compared with that of the United States and before there can be much hope of our making substantial reductions, our neighbors must make the move proposed by Mr. Foss. Then the two countries can talk business with some chance of an arrangement being arrived at that can be carried into effect.

Certain hints dropped by members of the British ministry are taken to mean that a general federal scheme is being considered. Speaking in Wales, Mr. Lloyd-George said, "Some of us may live to see with our own eyes a Wales that is independent and free; Wales fearing God and fearing no one else." The Master of Elbink, chief liberal whip, had something of the same nature to say in Scotland, while at the Eighty Club Mr. Birrell spoke of the desirability of Home Rule all round.

"Such a federation at home," he declared, "would be able to find room for all the dominions over the sea when they wished to come in, and we should have a truly Imperial Parliament."

It is manifest that some such imperial scheme will have to be evolved, if the tie that unites the different British dominions is to be retained. Matters which concern one country alone must be dealt with by it alone, those of general concern being looked after by an imperial body. If this cannot be arranged, the Empire can be nothing but one of sentiment, and the problem of working it out becomes more pressing each year.

As further evidence that there is no room for pessimism in his part of the country, despite the false impression which certain reports have given in eastern centres, take the following from the *Winnipeg Correspondent* of the *Monetary Times*:

"Crop returns show that the failure is partial, and confined to certain districts. Other sections—notably all of the northern parts—report excellent crops. These reports are given after actual threshing returns are received and discount any pessimistic talk. It is noted that there is little com-

(Continued on Page Four.)

THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY.
On the trail north of Dunvegan, a view which gives a good idea of the general character of the country.
(Photo by C. M. Burk, Edmonton.)

"Carmen" and "Faust," for example,—and asked how it was that the French "Mignon" had been sung the night before in Italian. She replied that it was because the principal tenor declined to study the French text, and the rest of the cast was compelled to learn the work in his language." Another query was, "In what language do you sing in Berlin, where operas of all nationalities are brought forward?" The answer was, "Why, in German, of course; but that is because the Emperor commands it."

"I therefore take the word from her mouth and say, let the Emperor Public Opinion lift up his voice here and now, and issue his edict to this people that English shall henceforth be the medium of expression in at least one of the opera-houses of America. "Not, what can be the reason that every language but our own is used? Simply that our artists will not, and foreign artists cannot, sing in English; or, vice versa, if it please either party better. Americans go abroad for a foreign hallmark, and come home stuffed with foreign phrases and manufactured names, having learned perhaps to sing in some other tongue, and having forgotten, if they ever knew, how to use their own."

"Few Americans go to see plays in a foreign language unless it be to patronize celebrated artists like Salvini, Duse, or Bernhardt. The opera has for many people a greater fascination than drama, for it employs the universal language of music. Besides the scenery and the costumes, there are the exquisite voices of the world's picked artists. For the average person, therefore, the meaning of the story may

lets scattered through the riding, it was Mr. Maunsell, large rancher, rather than Mr. Maunsell, candidate supporting the administration, who was defeated.

Portugal is one of those European States in which we in this part of the world only take an interest when members of the royal family are assassinated, the King goes a-wooing, or a revolution breaks out. The latter condition has now arisen there, but just what has brought it about is somewhat difficult to determine. We are very apt to jump to the conclusion, wherever a King is driven from the throne that it is as a result of the long oppression of the people. This does not appear to be the case in Portugal. The trouble, which resulted in the assassination of the late King and the crown prince on February 1st, 1908 and of which this revolution is a further climax, arose from a really honest attempt to bring about an improvement in the financial and economic condition of the country, which had for many years been exceedingly bad. Ruin was facing it. A constitution prevailed but those elected by the people seemed to work only for their personal aggrandisement. In 1906 Joao Franco came to the premiership and in the interest of public economy and official integrity instituted sweeping reforms. He was warmly supported by King Carlos but the members of the popular assembly, the Cortes, the majority of whom were in public life for what they would get out of it, blocked Franco at every turn. He felt that general political intelligence was not

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And reach your friends your hand,
And go, and luck go with you
While Ludlow tower shall stand.

Come you home a hero,
Or come not at all,
The lads you leave will mind you
Till Ludlow tower shall fall.

And you will list the bugle
That blows in lands of morn,
And make the foes of England
Be sorry you were born.

And you till rump of doomsday
On lands of morn may lie,
And make the hearts of comrades
Be heavy where you die.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

To be killed or wounded in warfare is the lot of a proportion of soldiers, and most prefer to come through unscathed, but during the recent massacres in England, it seems the dead in war have had the best of it. The army medical corps demonstrated the practical effects of the medical organization, and the victims of the battlefield enjoyed and it is to be hoped, appreciated, their work which lasted three days. Several humorous incidents occurred.

Long before the battle was ended the regimental surgeons, after a preliminary dressing on the field, began sending wagon loads of wounded men to the rear for further treatment while the stretcher-bearers were collecting the wounded.

Three stretcher patients were carried to the operating tent for treatment. In five minutes two of the patients reappear on their stretchers and are gently laid beside two other waiting men on a straw-covered hay wagon, commanded by a neighboring farmer. In another moment the third stretcher-empty-is carried out of the operating tent and returned to the wagon.

Private Kelly's wound has resulted fatally, and the stretcher must be used again. Realism was the keynote of the day's proceedings. As in real warfare no further provision would have to be made for Private Kelly's transportation of rations, none had been made here. His glee at being dead, and so finished with the maneuvers, was changed to dismay when he learned that he had to walk to his camp, some eleven miles and then report at once his barracks.

Among a batch of wounded brought in was a private of the Suffolk Regiment, whose wound label was marked: "Jaw shattered by shrapnel." He looked so abjectly miserable, with only his eyes and nose appearing through his bandages, that the captain in charge turned on him first.

"Are you really injured, then?" he asked. "No, sir," said the man, saluting briskly, "but we were told to get dinner ready, and unless you'll let me take all this off I can't get my mouth open."

The "unit for transports" as needing the greatest attention from the ambulance men, entered fully into the spirit of the game. These men were meant to be suffering from penetrating wounds of the abdomen. Experience in real warfare has taught that such cases stand the best chance of recovery if left undisturbed for twenty-four hours until their wounds have automatically healed.

On Monday the duty of lying at ease for hours on a comfortable stretcher in the shade while his comrades maneuvered over the sun-scorched Plain was greatly appreciated by the lucky "unit for transport." Tuesday's driving rain, however, made his lot less pleasant and led to many complications.

In the middle of a particularly heavy downpour one of the stretcher bearers reported to his captain that three "unit for transports" he had marked on the field persisted in crawling under their stretchers to keep off the rain. "They are almost drowned as it is, sir," he added. "Couldn't they be dead now so we could use their stretchers for collecting the few 'sitting-ups' who are getting awfully restless waiting to be brought in?"

Wagons for transporting the dressed cases from the tent division to the railhead at the camp were in great demand. One medical sergeant, after securing one, hurriedly lined up a squad of injured and began calling the roll. The first name was answered to by a private of the Muskies, who was lying on a stretcher smoking a cigarette.

"Get into the wagon," said the sergeant.

"Not me," came the answer, "I am dead, and I am not to move till dinner time."

For years one of the sights of Constantinople has been the army of dogs which have infested the streets. There was an unwritten canine law which kept them confined to their particular lane or street and woe be to any dog that strayed into or invaded another section. Their chief duty was scavenging as they ate up all the offal and garbage. The Turks, who will not harm animal life, decided to remove them and the unfortunate animals were netted and deported to an island where their suffering have created much indignation among the lovers of dogs. A visitor to the island writes as follows:

"Owing to the interest taken in the unfortunate pariah dogs of Constantinople, it was recently stated that the municipal authorities had finally resolved to put an end to the sufferings of those poor beasts by poisoning them and having them buried in quicklime.

Unfortunately nothing of the kind has as yet been done. It is as curious a fact that while the ordinary Turk considers it inhuman to kill a dog, he appears to be quite indifferent to the animal's sufferings while it lives.

I visited the day before yesterday, the Island of Oixia, in the Sea of Marmara, the place of exile of the Turks. A picture of misery and desolation met our eyes. Dead and dying animals were to be seen everywhere. I saw dogs eating their dead companions.

In the midst of the dead, dying, and emaciated dogs, there were many which still preserved their robust and fit appearance, but the lack of fresh water will doubtless bring these to the same stage as the others. There are some half-dozen men on the island who feed the dogs twice a day, for which purpose bread is imported weekly. The dogs are quieter and more tame than ever.

To serve your turn long after they are gone, and so hold on when there is nothing in you.

Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforbearing minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

You're only there and everything
that's in it,
And what is more—you'll be a man,
My son!"

NAMING TOWNS IN THE WEST

The naming of towns is the worst thing the west does. To read them over in the columns of a postal guide as they appear from month to month, is enough to make one's ears burn with shame.

They are certainly not the names of that anonymous, universal voice that has given a name to trees and flowers, to bread and wine. They seem selected haphazard for personal reasons, often singularly inappropriate.

To be commercially successful a town should have a name of irresistible and moving eloquence.

Such names as Athabasca, Kananskis, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Wetaskiwin are full of sounding vocables, and share with Minnehaha poetic and picturesque names of the continent.

Look at the successful cities of the west and note how their names have helped their development: Rex et Regina, Roi et Regina—righteous; we bow before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. Winnipeg is a name of ancient lineage, signifying a hole in the ground. It has euphony and romance, although Winnipeg sounds perilously like a wooden leg.

Edmonton pronounced trippingly on the tongue, sounds like a jangle of wild bells that would suit admirably the tune of Bow Bells, with its re-

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When Chance, Romance, and a brave free lance,
Kept all the roads of circumstance,
Those were the days of gold,
When a maiden sweet,
With a dragon meet
For chaperone, strange knight would greet
Upon the lonesome wold.
Now, you know, few of our stunts go through
Just as we really want them to.
And we're trembly around the knees,
We nearly drop
When a strolling cop
In the park says: "Spooning's got to stop,
So beat it, if you please."
Yes, at times in rhymes, we sigh
for the climes
Where the wind brings the cadence of
chapel chimes
For castles on countless hills,
For a maid in distress
(That's the business!)
These days all we do is to hook up a
dress
And settle some little bills.
—W. Edson Smith in October Smart Set.

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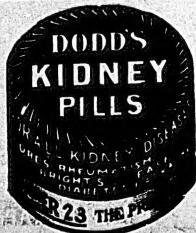
It is only by always giving fine programme that this theatre has attained its high position among the public. When we review the bills of the last and this week's, this fact is impressed upon us. "The Weekly Gazette" was lively and entertaining, touching lightly upon topics of genuine interest. For American Romances, "Papina" and a "Central American Romance" are certainly head liners. Filled with the dash and freedom of the rugged country, they both "fascinate and educate. "Gold is Not All," was a beautiful symbolical drama contrasting the lives of the rich and the poor. These life sketches form perfect picture-sermons and are great favorites among the audiences. The dramatization of Beach's "Mule Driver" caused quite a sensation. This is a splendid way of becoming acquainted with good literature, presenting as it does a true interpretation of the author's ideal. Among the special for this week's Friday and Saturday are Dr. Crippen's arrival at Liverpool portrayed in the Gazette, and Shakespeare's Hamlet.

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Fall Staff is as follows: Vocal Department, Miss Penelope Davies (late Ottawa Conservatory of Music); Mr. Ernest Butterworth, (pupil of Prof. John Acton, B.A., Honours 4:30 to 9 p.m., Piano and Harmony); Miss Jean McIsaac (pupil of J. D. Tripp, Toronto); Violin Department: Mr. T. W. Irving, Theory, Organ and Wind Instruments.

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Photo

In a small town such as Edmonton it isn't hard to figure out a man's probable income. The average man, we will say, who comes before the public, makes, roughly speaking, three thousand and a year. Out of that he must pay everything, educate his children, feed and clothe a family, house them, and buy their luxuries.

Today I have had at least a dozen calls, in response to an ad, for a general servant.

Most of them demanded twenty dollars a month, with no washing or ironing. That means at least two dollars a week extra, for that one item alone.

Most of the applicants could cook "a little."

That means—what? Waste

incomparable.

Now figure up your house rent, the taxes, made on you for insurance, clothes, doctor's and dentist's bills, and the thousand and one other items, office rent, office help, and so on, and where do most of the Three Thousand Dollar Men get at?

I confess it's a Chinese puzzle to me.

Yet these same people are the very ones who are loudest in their demands

that they must keep up their position, and who train their daughters to a life of idleness.

Who would sooner be thought a good man than the peace of mind by doing what they could manage easily, their own work?

I confess to you that from my own

experience I don't believe there are

very many of us in town who can afford to keep a maid, as service goes

at present.

How many of us have girls who care a two-penny bit for the household expenditure of the family? How many are careful of the dishes they use, of the kitchen supplies? Only a few of the treasures in the profession.

I long ago had a girl whose record of dishes broken and waste generally would keep an ordinary family in poverty. No appeal I could make to her of how carefully we must manage, could move her a particle. Asked if they would leave at home what she threw out here, she would have the impudence to tell me, "Of course not."

Remonstrated with for smashing dishes wholesale, she would remark that "she didn't have to pay for them."

Of course there are girls and girls; girls of nice feeling, and others who haven't a particle, but it seems to me that the general trend is for them to lay emphasis on what they "don't do," rather than their attempting to display any real interest in their work or the home.

And so to-day instead of laying stress upon getting up an unpalatable pot, I think we would all be the better, and our homes the happier, if we set about teaching our daughters to help themselves.

Let them begin where we began, and their grandmothers before them—and were none the worse for it—making a home. If a boy has to commence where his father left off, well, it's a sad day for lovers I'm thinking, and if a girl marries to keep up the position she has had in her father's house.

Young Man, take my word for it, you had better leave her alone altogether.

In conclusion, take my word for it, expensive lace curtains very often shut out the world of heartaches and hide many family skeletons; while the simple frilly muslin ones are frequently close in a world of love and true happiness.

He came to the desert of London town

Grey miles long;

He wandered up and he wandered

down,

Singing a quiet song.

There thousands and thousands of hu-

man kind

In that desert of brick and stone;

But some were deaf and some were

blind,

And he was there alone.

Does it ever strike you what a lot of "Locals" wander about the streets

of Edmonton, work in your office, or

bump up against you at unexpected corners.

While the orchestra played dreamily

the refrain of a popular waltz on Friday night, a man told me of two incidents that had called his attention to the circumstance.

First he was out on a shooting expedi-

tion. With the party was a man,

picked up somewhere, who went along as cook.

And they ate his well-cooked din-

ers, and they saw the man go in and

out among them, and they never trou-

bled to enquire who or what he was—

until one night, leaving dinner just

ready to be served, he disappeared.

Next I know him, and by now the flighty gnomes would despise him quite as much.

Sometimes I have thought he was an alarm clock—say at five a.m. when he began his matin buzz. At other times he has tricked me into believing that he was a murderer, and I a blood-hound on his track. I have known him play possum in a well-cooked dinner and I have seen him trick a baker into popping him into loaf of bread for a currant.

He has left footprints, in the sand of time, at least on many a spotless surface. He is a rank Socialist and believes that if a cat may look at a king, a fly can go one further, and tantalize him.

He is all things to all men. A swear word to a man with a vocabulary, and a pinch in the flesh, to many a goodly righteous, sober, and industrious fellow who is striving earnestly to stick to the straight and narrow way. Insignificant as he is, he never fails to make his presence felt. From the Head of the Hotel to the baby, he is a constant factor in our daily lives.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Mrs. Sydney B. Woods will receive on every Monday of this month, and afterwards on every Monday except the first in the month.

Mrs. Cauchy is resuming her former reception days, the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Mrs. Barnes has changed her reception day to the second Tuesday, and will receive on Tuesday next at her new residence, 465 Fifteenth Street.

Miss Mary Landry left for her home in Dorchester, N.B., on Thursday, after having spent the summer month with her brother, Mr. Hector Landry, and at the Coast.

On Wednesday Mr. Jim MacKinnon had a dinner of twenty covers in his honor, at the King Edward Hotel, when Mrs. Billy Heffernan and Mrs. Frank Smith were the chaperones.

Mrs. Thomas Davies was the hostess of a smart little tea on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Fred Booth of Ottawa, who arrived in town with Mrs. Davies' younger sister early in the week.

Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clarke Dennis were in town on Wednesday, but left for Calgary on Thursday morning not to return until Sunday.

Mrs. Swainland has her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, of Port Hope, with her on a visit, and was one of the smart hostesses who had a jolly little supper after the Melba concert.

Mrs. Pardoe had a smart dinner party the same evening, the guests later going on to hear Melba.



HASSAN

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

and fine quality

from their honeymoon on Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell in their private car from the East.

The announcement on Wednesday that His Honor Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Bulyea will continue for another term at Government House, gave a great deal of satisfaction to "I-dap myself," she will surely retain it. Nothing was ever yet won without hard work, and even so lovely a voice as Miss Potter possesses, is only brought to a complete triumph by months and years of the most arduous exertion. Some day, who knows, may all be looking forward as we are to-night to Melba, to a concert given by this Edmontonian. Good-bye and good luck.

Mrs. Sydney B. Woods has a charming young cousin, Miss Martin of Hamilton, visiting her who I predict will be a great success in the golf club dance.

I think of it Mr. Woods leaves at this month for London, where he is to appear before the Privy Council of England in the C. E. Taxation case. On his former visit he had a very grand time, indeed, meeting no end of distinguished men, and being entertained on a royal scale. Doubtless his return trip will be no less enjoyable, and that he may win his case will be the hope of a very wide circle of friends and admirers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cross are expected home early in the week.

Mr. Harry Evans and his bride (neé Miss Jackson, of Toronto) returned

(Continued on page four)

APPROPRIATE MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

played in a way to delight the soul of a true musician—whether it be beautiful sacred music rendered with true religious feeling, the stirring strains of a great military band, the charming melody of an instrumental quartette, the thrilling notes of a Caruso or a Melba in the rendition of an operatic masterpiece, or the side splitting merriment of a Music Hall Star, it is all there at the turn of a hand for the owner of

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All that is best in the world of music, song and story is brought to your own fireside and brought in a manner so natural and lifelike, so complete and convincing that you must needs pluck yourself to know that the great musicians of the world are not standing before you. Don't take our word for it. Go to-day to the nearest Berliner Victor Dealer and he will play for you, without obligation, any of the 3000 selections in the Victor Catalogue.

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Sample by mail, record of your name and 10c. for postage. Catalogue of Gram-o-phones and over 3000 selections free by mail.

HERE A FEW OF THE LATEST OFFERINGS.

5787—"That Pussy Cat," Peerless Quartet, 10 inch 78c.

5792—"Love Me, Love Myself," Myra-McDonough, 12 inch \$3.00.

64136—"Annie," McCormick, 10 inch \$1.25.

6506—"Come Be My Sunshine, Denville," Melodies, 12 inch \$1.50.

(a) "The Arcadians," Favorite Melodies, 12 inch \$1.50.

(b) "The Arcadians," Favorite Melodies, 12 inch \$1.50.

6602—"You're Good to Me," Harry Hayes, 12 inch \$1.50.

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6682—"You're Good to Me," Harry Hayes, 12 inch \$1.50.

6683—"You're Good to Me," Harry Hayes, 12 inch \$1.50.



Frederick Clarke in "The Manxman" at the Empire Theatre, three nights commencing Thursday, October 13th.

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Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

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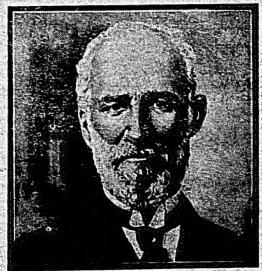
To Give You a Statement
In Regard To 'Fruit-a-tives'"

HARDWICK, MIRAMICHI, N.B., Jan. 17th, 1910.
"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. I am a man in the prime of life and I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good.

I sent the strongest testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that his statement would be honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was most marvellous and I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'."

A. G. WILLISTON.

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